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"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

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IF BRONZE COULD CHANGE!



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

WHY GO slumming, when you can go Salome-ing?

MR. BRYAN believes in political clubs. So do we. Especially the Big Stick. There's a club that's worth while.

"I AM A great lover of humor," says Mr. Taft. Which is why he weighs above 300. All his efforts to take off flesh are neutralized by his tendency to laugh and grow fat.

THE general manager of the Metropolitan traction system observes that "mere ownership of tracks does not necessarily contribute to business." Reference is had, doubtless, to the miles of rusty tracks that are held merely to continue franchises in existence.

HYPNOTISM will cure penuriousness, according to a Dr. Negresco. The campaign treasurers might hire him to make passes over reluctant citizens; unless the anti-pass law would operate as a bar.

ALTHOUGH PARTISANS, we all sincerely desire the greatest good for the greatest number. —Candidate Sherman.

While as partisans a majority of us continue the present Tariff, which provides the greatest good for the smaller number.

AS ARRANGEMENTS have been made to deliver the labor vote and the colored vote to Mr. Bryan, nothing remains to Taft except a few million ununionized white trash. Blue outlook for the Prince of Whales.

WILL SOMEBODY please tie those Kilkenny cats, Murphy and McCarren, tail to tail and throw them over a clothesline.

IT is true that Mr. Bryan is committed to Tariff reform, but he is committed to so many other things that he scares off thousands of voters who would rather bear those ills they have than fly to others that they know not of. If Mr. Bryan had pitched his campaign wholly on corporate abuses and the Tariff his chances of winning would be, in our judgment, much better than they are at this writing. Dreaming of the millenium, and talking in his sleep, he has neglected his opportunity, we believe. It is neither politic nor necessary to announce a comprehensive programme. The average citizen is easily alarmed. If the voters in 1904 had known everything that was in Mr. Roosevelt's mind it is doubtful whether he would have been elected.

NOT THAT we wish to appear inquisitive, but *when* is Mr. Harriman to be taken by the neck and the answers to "those questions" shaken out of him?

THE PRINCIPAL difference between Standard Oil and the persons who have been holding up stages in Montana and Wyoming, is that the latter gentry, not being incorporated, risk their lives and liberty. Besides, from the point of view of the person held up, the wild-west style is much more interesting. One would rather lose fifty dollars at a crack to a gentleman of the road than peddle it out on kerosene a cent at a time.



THE DREAMER.

OPPORTUNITY (after tapping thrice).—Asleep again! Well, I shall knock no more.

PUCK



THE AMATEUR FLYER.
A LAUGH FROM THE GALLERY.

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.



HEARD him in the court-room.
His speech transfixed the crowd.
"Never," said he, "should violence
Or mob rule be allowed.
Rise calm o'er passions, slow to judge:
Heed well the ancient saw,
'Obedience to authority
Is the keynote of the law.'"

I saw him in the grand-stand,
Hatless and out of breath.
He joined the crowd that clamored
For the helpless umpire's death.
"YOU ROBBER, SAPHHEAD, RUFFIAN, THIEF,
YOU CHEAT! WE HAD THIS CINCHED
TILL YOU BUTT IN, YOU DOUGH HEAD DOLT!
TOO BAD YOU CAN'T BE LYNCHED!"

And when the ump went down mid blow and kick,
'Twas my friend's hand that fired the fatal brick.

F. D. Abrams.

THE CLARION OF VICTORY.

MRS. RAILFENCE (*at the supper table*).—There's an auttymobile
horn a-tootin' like mad.

MR. RAILFENCE.—Darn 'em! Must 'a' killed a cow tew be
crowin' about it that much!

WHERE MEALS RESIDE.

FORLORN FREDDIE (*the hobo*).—Just think, little girl,—I don't
know where my next meal is comin' frum!

THE LITTLE GIRL (*sympathetically*).—Dear me! Ain't there a
pantry in your house, poor man?

TEAMWORK.

"ARE they society people?"
"Yes. He is trying to keep *his* position while she keeps *theirs*."

SMALL CHANGE.

"It's three years since I was in this city," said the stranger, as he
finished his dinner. "City looks
the same."

"I don't find much
change," remarked the
waiter, as he took up
the dime that was left
from the dollar-bill.

UNEXPECTED.

MRS. GRAM-
MERCY.—
What do we
need for din-
ner?

BRIDGET.—
Shure, Mum, Oi
tripped over the
rug an' we need
a new set of
dishes.

SLUSH-BOUND.

"I DIDN'T see
you in church
yesterday."

"No; Willie
didn't shovel a path
through the Sunday
papers in time."



FUSSY.

"Here, waiter! Take this back and have it curled.
The hot soup has taken all the kink out of it."

Marriage seems to be about the only lottery that the ministers are not
opposed to.

PUCK



BACHELOR APARTMENT GOSSIP.

NEXT HOUSE NOONAN (*reading paper*).—Hay, dis pape says dat de number of empty freight cars is gittin' less an' less ev'ry month.

MORBID McMANUS.—Geel! it's only a question of time when dey'll take dis one. Told yer dese hard times wuz too soft t' last.

A WORK OF REFERENCE.



WHEN Wellington Walkaway started out to use up the first vacation he had had in six months, he picked upon the little inland town of Kittlefish as the place wherein to spend the two weeks. By this simple act of mental decision he sealed his Fate and hoisted the umbrella of Doom. Destiny is merciful, however, and Wellington was blithely unconscious as he hiked up the big road from the railroad station.

On the outskirts of the village he was accosted by an ancient man who bore all the earmarks of a mediaeval hermit, except that he chewed tobacco. He was attired mainly in a pair of flowing jeans pants and, altogether, was a not unimposing figure.

"Stay, my son," said he. "If I am not in error, you are bound for the village of Kittlefish, with the intention of sojourning therein during the heated term. Correct me, if I am wrong in this surmise."

Wellington assured the old man that his conjecture was entirely within the truth.

"Such being the case," resumed the Hermit, "I have much to say to you that it will be to your interest to hear. Will you accompany me to my Grot, 'neath yonder hill, where we may converse with greater freedom?"

The pilgrim signified his assent and the Solitary led the way to his abode, which was near at hand.

"Know," said the old man, "that you are about to pass some days in a community in some respects unique. The people of Kittlefish and vicinity have married and intermarried, until pretty nearly everybody is related to pretty nearly everybody else. There are more long-distance connections among the families of this neighborhood than the average toll-line operator would fail to get for you in a month. What is more to the point, the natives not only trace cousinships to the sixteenth and seventeenth degrees, but they are singularly sensitive about family matters. The uninstructed stranger who attempts to engage in social intercourse in this region, gets his foot in it about as often and as hopelessly as a centipede on a piece of fly-paper. Now, luckily for you, you met me before striking the corporation limits."

Wellington wondered privately if it would have been possible for him to miss the Hermit, but he did not give utterance to the thought. He realized that he had been waylaid and was in

a skeptical mood, but he silently awaited further revelations.

"I have here," continued the Recluse, taking up one of a pile of volumes, "a book which is calculated to meet the requirements of a person in your situation. That it is of my own humble compilation, does not, I venture to hope, detract from its merits. It is a genealogical record of the First Families of Kittlefish. I have lived here, man and boy, for eighty-five years, and what I do not know personally of the ramifying and interlacing affiliations of the Kittlefishians, I have added to by research. The work is not an ordinary collection of family trees. It is arranged according to a system, so as to adapt it to the peculiar needs of men like yourself. I have called it 'A Guide to Polite Conversation in Kittlefish,' and it is exactly what its title implies—a Pilot amid the quicksands of complicated relationships. The price, I may add, is five dollars the copy. Shall I wrap you up one?"

"I believe not," said Wellington.

"For one thing, I do not expect to mix up with the First Families."

"You will find," rejoined the venerable man, "that there is no other kind here."

"Granting that," replied the pilgrim, "I will take my chances. I have not lived all my life in a bustling metropolis to come at last to be sold a Gold Brick in a town of less than six hundred and fifty inhabitants, census of 1900. I must decline your offer and bid you adieu."

"Go, then, rash youth," said the Recluse, less in anger than in sorrow. "You are inviting your own social destruction. This is No. 47, L Street Extension, in case you should reconsider your decision."

Wellington Walkaway plodded on down the pike and put up at the Inn. At the proper time, he presented his letters of introduction and was taken up by some of the best people. On the third day out he was invited to attend a reception given by Mrs. Judge Bellwether. He went. He found, among the guests, a number of others whom he sized up as fellow summer-tourists. Each had one of the Hermit's books under his arm and consulted it often and solicitously. Frequently a stranger would, when spoken to, ask and receive permission to retire into a corner and consult his book before replying.

During the evening he met Miss Corkenwell. He told her that it must have been his good angel that had led to the encounter, for he had been so bored by that frowzy old Mrs. Baccaratte that he had been on the point of going home. Later, he learned that



VINDICATED.

THE BATHER (*disgustedly*).—There's no wear in those imitation Panamas. I told the clerk so when I bought it.



THE WHOLE WORLD.

Mrs. Baccaratte's uncle had married Miss Corkenwell's mother's step-sister. This should have been an eye-opener; but, such is the obstinacy of man, it wasn't. It was not until Wellington had, a few days later, requested Colonel Chesterley to point out the spot where old man Simplebeck was whipped by White Caps, that he really woke up. Of course, he had not dreamed that the Colonel's mother was a March; and, even had he been aware of this fact, he would not have been in possession of the supplementary knowledge that the former Miss March's paternal aunt was a Simplebeck. His ignorance, however, did not prevent the Colonel from challenging him, and afterwards blackballing him at the one club, because he refused to fight.

It was at this juncture that Wellington went back to the Hermit. "I think I'll take one of your books," said he. "I don't really need it, but I like to encourage literature."

"I shall be glad to accommodate you," replied the Genealogist, "but I am grieved to tell you that, since you were here before, there has been such a call for my book that I have been obliged to raise the price, which is now ten dollars the copy. That, of course, includes the morocco binding."

"You are an aged fraud," exclaimed Wellington, "and I wouldn't buy your old book, if I could get it in tree-calf, at ten cents a copy!" And he returned to the hotel and got thrown out that very evening, by reason of his referring, in the landlady's presence, to old Jeb Burkly, who was sent to the penitentiary for stealing sheep in the early '70's. How was he to have known that the landlady's husband was old Burkly's son-in-law's second cousin?

At the end of a week only three persons in the place were on speaking terms with Wellington. He swallowed his pride and took another walk to No. 47, L Street Extension.

"Beats all what a demand there is for my Work," ruminated the Sage, as Wellington stated the object of his visit. "I shall really have to ask you twenty dollars for a copy, just at the present time."

"I guess not!" replied Wellington, with decision. "There can't

very much more happen to me than has already, and I refuse to be held up in this low-down manner."

That night Wellington publicly made known his opinion of the gray-headed old Vampire, who engaged in the book business at No. 47, L Street Extension.

He did this in entire ignorance of the fact that the Vampire had been wedded eight times and, in addition to his connections by marriage, was sib to approximately three-fourths of the population of the county. Wellington was rescued from the mob that started to tar and feather him, by the three influential citizens who still nodded at him when they met him on the street. Even they told him that they had been mainly actuated by a desire to preserve untarnished the good name of their village.

On the morrow Wellington sought the Hermit, a subdued man.

"I've only got one copy left," said the Lonesome Man, "and it's one of the first edition, without the index and cross-references. If you take it, it will be at your own risk. The price, too, has taken another upward tendency and is now forty dollars. And, by the way, through a strange oversight, the name of my grandmother has been omitted."

"Insert the name and I'll give you fifty dollars!" The bargain was at once struck. Wellington Walkaway carried the book to his new boarding place. He shut himself in his room and studied the pathless volume. At the end of four days, he was removed to the state asylum, a raving lunatic.

Speak well of everybody in a country town, and run no risks.

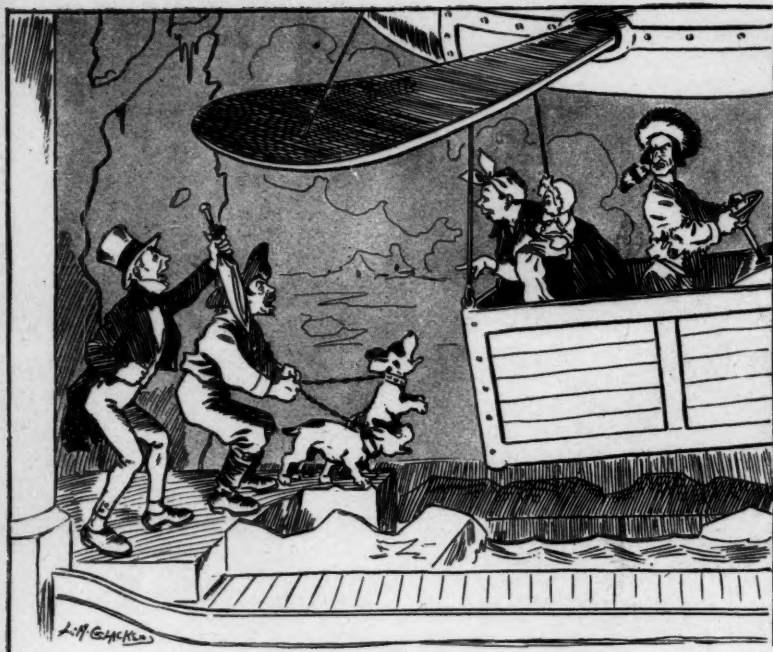
F. P. Smart.



ON THE SIDE.

"What's *your* opinion of the sheath gown, Anophele?"

"Good opening for a live young skeeter."



THE NEW "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

ELIZA AVIATES ACROSS THE ICE.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

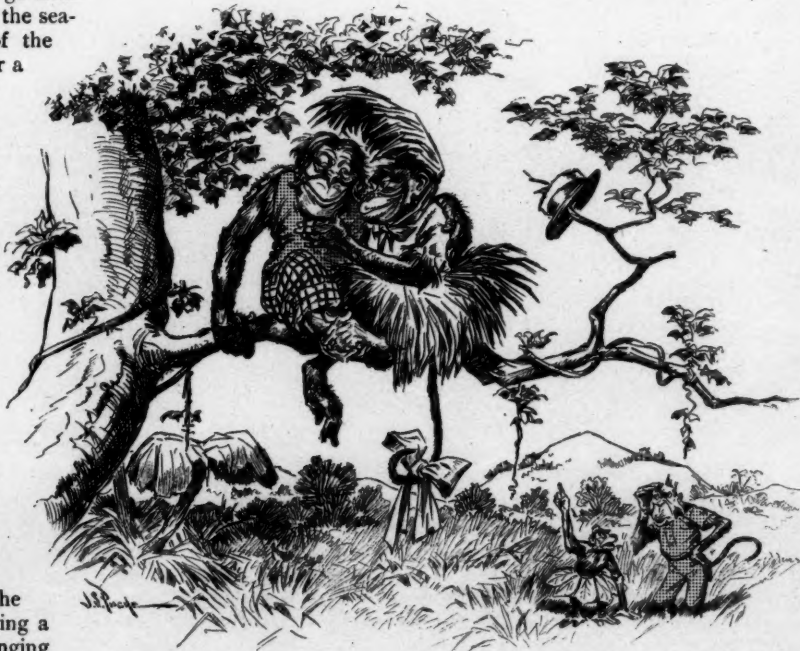
HAVE a pleasant vacation?" "Well, in a way we did, and then again we didn't," said Mrs. Gabble. "You know we went to a new place, and of course when you go to a new place you never know what you are going to. It was in the country because my husband was born in the country and lived there until he was twenty years old, and he thinks now that there is no place like the country, although he was glad enough to get away from it and into the city. Now he says he is bound to go to the country to live some day, but I tell him that if he does he will go without me, for I would go wild if I had to stay a whole year in the country. I like the seashore ever so much better and I got dreadfully tired of the country the six weeks we were there, and yet we had rather a good time—in a way. But the first day we were there a cross dog snapped at our little Willie and almost bit him because the child was just twisting the hateful creature's tail a little and we had quite a time getting the farmer to keep the beast chained the rest of the time we were there. He was really very inconsiderate and disagreeable about a good many things, and we came very near packing up and leaving one day because of the way he talked when Harry threw a dead cat down the well. You know that Harry is only nine years old and of course he didn't realize what he was doing. Then another day the farmer became almost abusive because Willie lighted a match in the barn. No harm came of it. I was right there and stamped the little blaze it made out.

"Of course one must be prepared to find these country people peculiar and not easy to get along with. They live in a world so different from ours I suppose one must make some allowance for them, and it is of no earthly use to try to get them to do things in any way but their own. I tried to teach the farmer's wife some things but she acted as if she resented it. Country people are so sensitive. One day we had some friends come out from the city to stay a few days with us and one day we were having a little fun looking over the pictures in the family album belonging to the farmer's wife and we were laughing ourselves sick over some of the old guys in the album when the farmer's wife snatched the album from us in the rudest way and became very offensive in her language. It was so ill bred, but of course one cannot really expect to find a great deal of breeding among

country people. And they are such unreasonable people. Why, the man came to me one day and was real ungentlemanly in his remarks because the children were having a lot of fun chasing the cows around with sticks and trying to make them jump over the stone walls. Just as if it would hurt the cows any! I told him that three or four little children couldn't hurt his old cows any. Another time he and his wife were so rude and disagreeable because our little Willie let the chickens, a hundred or two of them, out and they got into the garden and we couldn't help laughing over the way the farmer and his whole family had to scramble to get the chickens back. Of course the child didn't know that the chickens would get into the garden. And as for being a little sympathetic, you might as well expect sympathy from a stone as from some of these country people. I was so indignant one day that my husband had all he could do to keep me from packing up and coming home. You know our little Harry is the greatest boy to want to know all about things and I think it is a good trait in a boy. They had a hive of bees there on the farm and of course Harry wanted to know all about how they made the honey and one day I asked the farmer if he wouldn't lift up the beehive and let the child see how the bees worked, but he said he wouldn't dare to. The next day Harry—poor little chap! Of course he didn't know that he oughtn't to do it, so he pushed over the beehive to find out just what the bees were doing and how they did it and—stung! The poor boy was stung in sixteen different places and his father and Aunt Lucy and I were stung all the way from six to a dozen times each trying to beat off the bees, and we were the awfulest sights within an hour that you ever saw and that ill-bred and utterly unsympathetic farmer and his wife laughed as if they thought it nothing but a joke!

"I have set my foot down that I never go to the country again for my vacation. I told the farmer and his wife so plainly and she had the impertinence to say that she knew I wouldn't if there was no place for us to come but to her house. No country for me with its unfeeling and ill-bred people!"

M. W.



A PRIMITIVE SPOON.

LITTLE WILLIE MONK.—Say, Pop, you ought to speak to sister. She and Mr. Chimpanzee have been holding feet for over an hour.

Woman is stronger to endure than man, otherwise her shoes wouldn't be any prettier than his.



IN 1956.

MR. BRYAN'S FAITHFUL FOLLOWERS DEMAND THAT HE MAKE THE RUN AGAIN.

THE PRIZE.

ROOSEVELT.



He hitched his wagon to a star,
The rim of space his goal;
Followed the twinkler fast and far
With all his heart and soul.
He talked and fought his way to fame,
Sermounting storm and stress;
And by the standards that men name
He's reckoned a Success.

BRYAN.

He likewise made a stellar hitch,
He likewise talked and fought;
And Time, that made him famed and rich,
Has other blessings brought.
And yet, for all he's done and dared,
Success was wooed in vain:
Twice has he failed — and is prepared
To fail and fail again.

QUERY:

Since one is famous, happy, gay,
And t'other scarcely less,
What is the difference, I pray,
'Twixt Failure and Success? —
The laurel of a careless age
That this and that way veers;
A line upon a printed page
That yellows with the years.

B. L. T.

NOVELTY IN THE DISEASE LINE.

DOCTORS, ever jubilant at the discovery of a new disease, have now found something they term "auto-intoxication." This is not, as might be supposed, the oddity of becoming inebriate by fancied libations of an imaginary beverage, but a physical seizure due to shocked nerves.

Whether the shock is to be ascribed to the unwholesome jolting of the delicate human machinery, to disappointment of the chauffeur

at the occasional escape of a wary and agile pedestrian, or to brooding over the interest accruing upon the mortgage on the machine, seems not to have been determined. All that the public knows is that the victim gives visible evidence of being "possessed" — a manifestation startling only as a truth expressed in an unwonted fashion.

The term applied to the novel ailment is not fortunate. In the first place it suggests an incursion into the realm of psychology, which is misleading, and, in the second place, speed maniacs will soon be advancing it as a plea in mitigation of homicide.

Henry James.

MODERN CONVENIENCES.

A PIOUS MAN, entering business, was careful to say: "Remember, now, I cannot tell a lie!"

To which the general counsel of the concern, rubbing his hands unctiously, made answer: "Oh, certainly not! Really, it isn't in the least necessary, in modern business. We form a subsidiary corporation to attend to all that sort of thing."

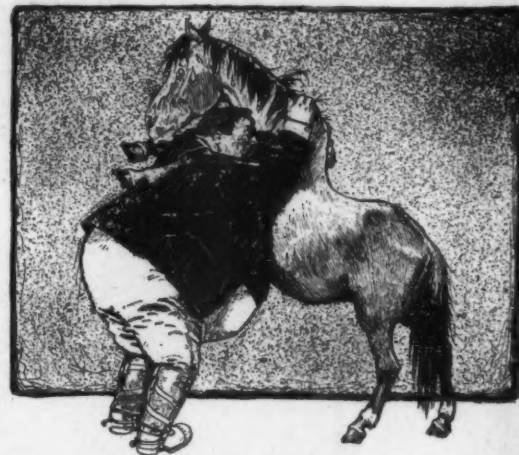
AT THE KNOT-HOLE.

"How's de game, Chimmie?"

"De home team's got two men down."

"Say, dat's tough."

"G'wan. One of 'em is de guy dat made de home run off us, and de utter one is de umpire."



BETWEEN "FANS."

MADGE. — Was it a spectacular catch?

MABEL. — She ran to Europe for him.

UNION FOREVER!

The horse bowed down by weight of Taft
Will not be sent away.
For Bill is much attached to him,
And he to Bill, they say.



THE PUCK PRESS

MAKING MEDICINE.





A MAGNIFICENT BLUFF.

THE SPOKESMAN. — Mr. Hayrick, you have expressed your approval of Mr. Roosevelt's commission to improve the condition of American farms. Therefore, we wish to acquaint you with the fact, gleaned from inside sources, that it is the judgment of the commission that all farmers taking boarders should serve chicken at least five days a week and ice-cream Wednesdays and Saturdays.

WHEN JIMMY LEFT FOR SCHOOL.



MY FATHER'S treatment of the plan at first was very cool; —
A boy of fourteen didn't need to go away to school,
And tho' Jim's constant presence mightn't bring us constant fun,
Still, several hundred miles away from home was no place for a son; —
And Mr. Doodle's, up the street, was not so bad, you know; —
But Mother firmly shook her head — "It's Right that he should go!"

Well, then they got some catalogues and spoke to all their friends,
And Mr. Jones thought "Holt's" was good — that's where *his* boy attends;
But Father didn't care for Holt's — *he* thought the best would be
"Sangardner's on the Hudson" or the "Drump Academy;"
Or "Bismar's Military School" — he'd heard *that* was an "Ace!"
But Mother spoke decidedly — "It's nothing like the place!"

So, then they got some catalogues — about a thousand more! —
And every mail brought stacks and piles of booklets to the door,
From Maine and California, from Oregon and Penn., —
And every school in every state made true and manly men.
But not a one would do for Jim! My Father said *he* "passed,"
When Mother suddenly cried out, "See here! *the* school, at last!"

So Jimmy went away that fall! And when he climbed upon
The train and left, why I felt blue to have him really gone,
And when we got back home the house seemed lonesome and sad,
(And Jim is my big brother, too!), but Father said, "I'm glad!
It's just the thing to *make* the boy — we rightly did decide."
Then Mother smiled and ran upstairs and locked the door and cried.

Arthur Judd Ryan.

THE NEW PHILANTHROPY.

THE old styles of philanthropists, we are familiar with.
Styles change in philanthropy just as in anything else.
The man who gives away libraries is out of date and no
longer excites comment; he is no rather cursed by the one
town that fails to get a library than praised by the ninety-
and-nine which have squeezed their treasures to meet his
munificence. We are also familiar with and tired of the man
who endows colleges. His philanthropy has become plati-
tudinous, and the one that gives less than a million at a throw

is a cheap-skate selling-plater and not deserving of more than three lines on an inside page of the sporting edition. As for hospitals, missionary work, fresh air funds and the like, these have all settled down to a colorless routine from which it is difficult to extract honor and fame.

The new philanthropy, if it could only be called into play a little more often, would bid fair to outclass them all. The trouble is that it can only be indulged in at campaign times, requiring intervals of four years. This new philanthropy is that noble willingness on the part of the men who own the mines and mills and workshops and factories to operate their industries without thought of gain in order to help the Republican Party and thereby save the country from ruin. This is a charity worthy of the name.

Ellis O. Jones.

SUBTLY SENSED.

THE THING is odorless, — quite so, —
And yet, in spite of that,
She cannot fluff her hair with it
But people smell a rat.

ITS FIRST TELLING.

EVE had fabricated her first biscuits.
"Just like my mother used to make!" declared Adam, fulsomely.

Tears sprang to Eve's eyes.

"If you hadn't eaten that apple, you would never say so!" she protested.

Yet it was no bigger lie, on the whole, than plenty of men have since told in those identical words.

HIS NOTION.

"I AM, of course, in favor of compelling every motorist to display the number of his car, for the purpose of identification, and so on," said the man who ruminated while he was resting, "but I think that in certain cases it would serve to prevent misapprehension and avert suspicion if the machine were decorated with a conspicuous placard bearing the legend, 'IT'S PAID FOR!'"

RURAL RUDENESS.

DE STYLE. — You say Farmer Plantzem chased you?
MRS. DE STYLE. — Yes; when I told him that I had a little plot of ground in our yard nicely plowed and raked and asked him what I should plant in it, he said, "Beet it."

A FRESH START.

DYER. — Well, I see Failing is on his feet again.
RYER. — Yes; he was obliged to sell his auto.



THE FOLLOW-YOUR-LEADER GAME.

THE ROOSTER. — Why aren't you with the gang? Rheumatics?
THE SHEEP. — Nope. I'm sick of party politics.



A PATRON OF ART.

WEALTHY BUYER.—Frankly, Mr. Chrome, I consider you the best artist of the day. Among contemporary pictures your canvases stand out vividly and are sure to increase in worth.

CHROME.—Oh, thank you—and—er—would you mind buying one?

WEALTHY BUYER.—Ahem! Well, I might give you two dollars for this large one, if you have a good frame for it.

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?



JUST TIME I ever had to hire," said Aminidab Klover-top to the girl in the six-inch pompadour who had been cajoled into talking to him in the employment office. "My ole woman has come down flat an' the doctor says she won't be wuth anything for a long time. Comes hard on me right in the middle of hayin' to have to drop ev'rything

an' drive to

town lookin' up a hired girl. Used to be plenty of girls a body could hire in the country, but now they have all got so wuthless an' they want two dollars a week for not more'n fo'teen hours work.

"What I want is a right smart girl who kin sail in an' do something. I don't ask her to git up before four in the morning an' she kin knock off work an' have her own time arter about half-past eight at night. I got nine in fam'ly at present an' it appears to me that she ought to be willin' to help out a little with the hayin' with only that many to do fer. There's thirty-two milk cans to wash an' scald out ev'ry day, fer mine is a dairy farm. Then if I paid her two



IF TROLLEYS WERE RUN LIKE AUTOMOBILES.

dollars a week I'd expect her to—hey? You don't think the place would suit you? I kin tell you it ain't a place you kin pick up any day. I ort to git a girl fer such light work as mine for a dollar an' a half a week, but—

"She's gone. By heck, it's jess as I say; gals git more an' more wuthless ev'ry day an' want bigger an' bigger pay for settin' round with their hands folded. I dunno what in time we air comin' to!"

Max Merryman.

WASHINGTON BROMIDES.

"YOU OUGHT to see this town when Congress is on the job. My, but things are lively then."

"This is the greatest place for honeymooners in the United States."

"You know the government doesn't propose to stop until it has made Washington the most beautiful city in the world. You see what progress has already been made."

"That's all a fake about Mr. Roosevelt having such big teeth. They are a trifle prominent, of course, but, really, he is rather a handsome man—when you get close to him, anyhow."

"That boy Quentin! Say, he's a sight—don't care for nothing or nobody."

"Looks as if everybody in Washington is determined to buy an automobile."

"That's the Arlington. It isn't much to look at from the outside, to be sure, but you know that's where Senator Aldrich boards, and where J. Pierpont Morgan and John D. Rockefeller stop when they are in town."

"Yes, the Union depot is bound to be completed soon—and when it is, well, say, won't it be a peach?"

"You can go to Baltimore by trolley now."

"Oh, you'll have to visit the Capitol a number of times before you will be able to get about without losing your way in some of the corridors."

"You can see into three States from the top of the Washington monument."

"You will come to see us again; everybody drifts back here sooner or later."

James B. Nevin.

COUNTRY SAFE.

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"When I scuffle with him, just before I strangle him, you rush forward, knock the bottle of poison from my hand and say: 'Fair play, fair play.' Then grab the two pistols, rush to the window, left center, and yell: 'Stand back! I shoot to kill!' That's the signal for the cabin to be blown up by dynamite, and I fall on top of Bunco Bill's body with blood streaming from my mouth. You tear the papers from his bosom, and as the roof falls on you, shout, 'The girl is mine!'"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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A CYNIC.

HIRAM PERIWINKLE.—I've got three darters married, miss, an' my experience is that most young fellers nowadays git married so as to have more relations to borrow money from.

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in a glass of sweetened water after meals is a great aid to digestion.

A
GRAND
FINALE
TO A
CHAPTER
OF
COURSES

A
GRAND
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They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

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Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N., P. & S. Bulletin.*

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Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood.—*Boston Times.*

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MODERNITY'S TRIUMPH.

Papa was about to apply the strap.

"Father," said Willie, firmly, "unless that instrument has been properly sterilized I desire to protest."

This gave the old man pause.

"Moreover," continued Willie, "the germs that might be released by the violent impact of leather upon a porous textile fabric but lately exposed to the dust of the streets would be apt to affect you deleteriously."

As the strap fell from a nerveless hand, Willie sloped. —Phila. Ledger.

COLLEGE YELLS.

"Say!" said the guest at a New Haven hotel; "I never heard such a noise as those cats made last night!"

"Possibly not," replied the hotel proprietor. "Those cats belong to the college!" —Yonkers Statesman.

STRANGERS NOW.

"There goes a man who once offered to make me independently rich."

"But he didn't appear to know you. At least he gave you no sign of recognition."

"You see, I refused to buy the stock." —Chicago Record Herald.

Just why one brand has set the quality-pace for over half a century you will best understand when once you have smoked.

PHILIP MORRIS ORIGINAL LONDON CIGARETTES

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in boxes of ten

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AMBASSADOR
the after-dinner size

35c



I.W. HARPER KENTUCKY WHISKEY

for Gentlemen
who cherish
Quality.

WATERY.

"He carries water on both shoulders."

"Does, eh? I always heard he took it on the side." —Phila. Ledger.

THOUGHTFUL BRIDE.

She was quite demure, and he looked all right. They were on their honeymoon, and the train had just emerged from a long tunnel. Sitting up and arranging her front hair, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Fred, tell me! Is my mouth on straight?" —Yonkers Statesman.

IN RUSH HOURS.

"Would you give up your seat to a woman in a car?"

"How do I know? Never had a seat yet myself." —Philadelphia Ledger.

DID you ever try the experiment of going into a drug-store on a hot summer day and asking the perspiring clerk at the soda fountain for a hot chocolate? —Somerv. Journal.

It is remarkable with what ease automobiles are guided by the steering wheel. A woman can change the course of a heavy automobile almost as easily as she can that of a man. —Somerville Journal.



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Pears' Soap makes white hands, gives clear skin and imparts freshness to the complexion.

A cake of Pears' is a cake of comfort.

Comfort by the cake or in boxes.



A SUMMER SNAP.

THE BARKER.—Yes, my friends, this is the marvelous and unparalleled Wild Man of Borneo. Step right in and see him. This is positively your last chance. We only have this wonderful attraction during vacation. He has to go back to college to-morrow. Your last chance! Step lively!

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters in half grape fruit, after sugar is added, makes delightful morning tonic. Try it to-morrow.

A Burlesque Historical Novel

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By the Humorous Syndicate

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This "historical" account of certain of the adventures of Huenos Pasada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of historio-adventure. We consider it strange it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.

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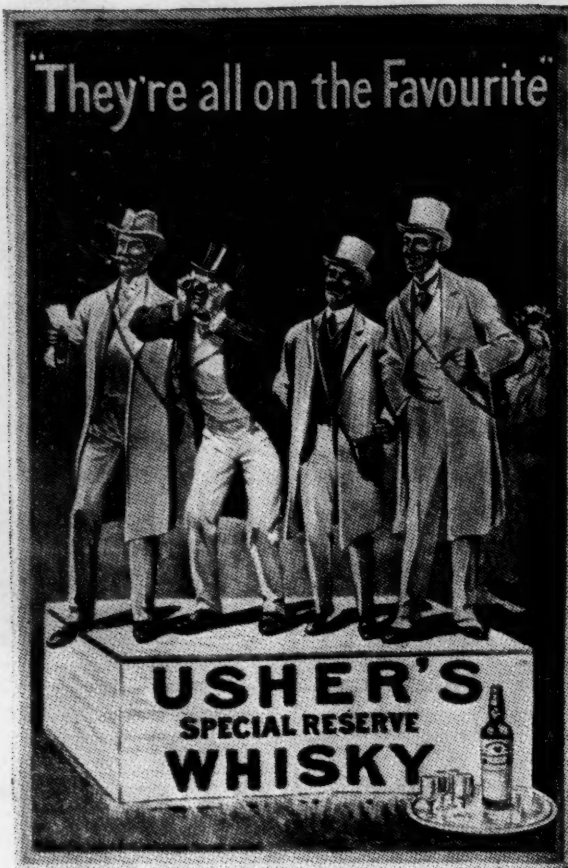
—The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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A DANGEROUS BREAK.

RICH AUNT.—So sorry I haven't been able to see more of you and Adolphus this afternoon. I'm afraid you've had rather a dull time.

POOR NIECE (*humbly, anxious not to offend*).—Indeed, indeed, dear Aunt Jane, we expected nothing else!—*Punch*.

The stenographer who was transcribing her notes of a convention speech paused in great perplexity. "Fellow citizens, I entreat you not to be too hasty. If we put forth this platform in its present shape we sacrifice the all important"—"I wish I knew," she said, "whether I wrote that next word 'planks' or 'plunks'!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE STUFFING.

The convict had been ill over a week, and the doctor sent the warder to ask him what he would have for dinner.

"Wot yer got?" asked the convict.

"Roast beef and Yorkshire, pork, and chicken."

"I'll have a chicken."

"And what will you have it stuffed with?"

"Another one!"—*Tid-Bits*.



DISTRACTING.

"I don't see why the boys exclaim That polo's such a dangerous game. Yet when I play they all assert That someone's certain to be hurt. Now I don't find it hard at all To keep my eye upon the ball."

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STRAIGHTENED.

"Your Boston streets are fearfully crooked," said the visiting New Yorker.

"Better our streets than our citizens," said the Bostonian quietly.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE WIDOW (*at her washtub, to suitor*).—Is yo' sho' yo' lubs me.

SAMMY.—Co'se I's sho'.

THE WIDOW (*suspiciously*).—Yo' ain't los' yo'r job, is yo'.—*Evening Post*.

THE OLD LADY (*as a group of small boys dash past her*).—Ah, running races? Been reading about those Olympic games, no doubt.

A VOICE.—Games be blowed! We've put a bad penny in a blind man's tin, an' he's after us.—*The Sketch*.

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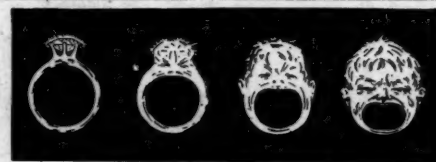
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If you smoke five pipes a day it's less than four cents—five hours of pleasure for four cents—certainly ARCADIA is cheap enough for you to smoke.

SEND 10 CENTS for a sample of the most perfect tobacco known.

THE SURBRUG CO., 132 Reade St., New York

DIFFERENT VIEWS.

"There's coal enough to last until 2298," said the optimist.

"Not in my cellar," replied his neighbor, a fellow of pessimistic turn. —*Phila. Ledger.*

"THAT meadow scene looks far from natural," declared the stage manager.

"What can ail it?"

"B'gosh, I believe it's the absence of advertising signs." —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THOSE who are interested in mining affairs must have noticed that no valuable deposits of minerals have been uncovered yet in digging the Panama canal. —*Somerville Journal.*

Vacation-End Days

need not be altogether cheerless; there's always

EVANS ALE

to keep alive the benefits derived from rest and recreation. It makes work a pleasure

MIDDLE-AGED CITIZENS.

"Back from your vacation, I see."

"Yes."

"Well, are you glad you've gotten it over with, or do you wish you still had it to take?" —*Washington Herald.*

ELDERLY PARTY.—

"I hope, driver, you will not run away with me!" "Bless yer, no mum! I've got a wife and six kids at home already!" —*London Opinion.*

"WHEN I see what Barlow accomplishes I am forced to admiration," said Bunting. "He has great physical endurance." "Yes," replied Gargoyle. "That man has the constitution of a debutante." —*London Telegraph.*

"A MAN in politics cannot be expected to love his enemies." "No," answered Senator Sorghum; "he can't love 'em. But, away down in his heart, he must have a certain respect for their judgment." —*Wash. Star.*

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The pay is good, the work congenial, and promotion rapid in the U. S. Civil Service. If you are an American man or woman over 18 you are eligible for any government position if you pass the Civil Service Examination. To learn how you can qualify in your spare time, write for our free I. C. S. booklet. INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 1110, Scranton, Pa.

ANOTHER VARIETY.

"Madame, I'm a receptive candidate for a little grub."

"Conducting a campaign, are you?"

"Yes, mum; a back porch campaign." —*Washington Herald.*

NURSE (announcing the expected).—

Professor, it's a little boy.

PROFESSOR (absent-mindedly).—

Well, ask him what he wants. —*Boston Transcript.*

HIX.—I always have Doctor Emdee. When my mother-in-law was at death's door he pulled her through.

DIX.—Which way did he pull her?

—*St. Louis Republic.*

If Mr. Rudyard Kipling had been born in New York we might have had this ballad of

THE TWENTY-THIRD STREET LINE.

(With acknowledgments to the author of the BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS.)



I HAVE been a car conductor on the East side avenues,
Where the streets are full of babies and the traffic is all
Jews;
I have run a little horse-car down on West Street 'long
the docks,
Where you mostly splash through puddles or go trundlin'
o'er rocks;
I have handed transfers North and South on Broadway
cars once mine.
But the meanest one I've run is on the Twenty-third
Street Line.

If it's one bell or two bells,
The car's as full as sin,
And there's twenty at each crossin'
Who insist 'on gettin' in;
There's an empty car behind us,
But who will wait for it?
Mr. Public's in a hurry,
And he'd rather jam than sit.

Now, I ain't no traffic student, but I guess I'm fit to speak,
After standin' on a platform on the Twenty-third a week—
Runnin' lengthwise of the city with your trips all up or down
Is a restful occupation 'side of hustlin' cars Crosstown,
Where everyone is crazy 'cause he's got to catch a boat,
And a half-day's work is like to scrape the buttons off your coat.

And it's one bell or two bells,
And it's "Let 'em off" I shout,—
There's a fat man in there somewhere,
And he's tryin' to get out—
Mr. Public he ain't squeamish
When he's turned to human freight;
'Cause he's always in a hurry,
And he'd rather crowd than wait!

Oh, they talk about "conditions" and they knock the Rapid T.,
But that company ain't handy, so they takes it out of me;
You boards a crowded car just once and feels like you'll complain,
But when I've wormed my way through it's worm it through again—
A-servin' of the public and in any sort of weather—
With a half a ton of nickels in my pockets lined with leather.

And it's one bell or two bells,
It's like as not you're stuck;
The sun has melt the asphalt,
And it's mired a brew'ry truck—
Get out and grab her by the spokes,
And heave your shoulder to!
Mr. Public's in a hurry,
And we've got to let him through.

Yes, a-servin' of the public won't take long to turn my hairs,
For I spend my nights in dreamin' that I'm still a-ringin' fares;
And there's little gain or glory in the service that we do—

They ain't the kind that's sung about our uniforms of blue.
And I'll end up in an ambulance some day, because my spine
Has been twisted reaching nickels off the Twenty-third Street Line.

And it's one bell or two bells—
Oh, I tell you life is merry,
When you're doin' double duty
By the contents of a ferry;
Mr. Starter, blow your whistle,
We are crowded to the brim!
Mr. Public's in a hurry,
And we'll try to hurry him.

E. P. K.

THE OUTCAST.

You ask me why I weep and moan, like some lost spirit in despair, and why I wander off alone, and paw the ground and tear my hair? You ask me why I pack this gun, all loaded up, prepared to shoot? Alas! my troubles have begun—the women folk are canning fruit! There is no place for me to eat, unless I eat upon the floor; and peelings get beneath my feet, and make me fall a block or more; the odors from the boiling jam, all day assail my weary snoot; you find me, then, the wreck I am—the women folk are canning fruit! O, they have peaches on the chairs, and moldy apples on the floor, and wormy plums upon the stairs, and piles of pears outside the door; and they are boiling pulp and juice, and you may hear them yell and hoot; a man's existence is the deuce—the women folk are canning fruit! —*Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.*

"THEY have come to wreck, it seems, on life's matrimonial sea."
"Indeed? And which rocked the boat?" —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



MIGHT BE ABSORBED.

SPERM WHALE (nervously).—Well, I'll have to be going. So long, old man.

SHARK.—Why, you aren't afraid of the Octopus, are you?

SPERM WHALE.—Well, you see he represents the Standard Oil Company, and I'm an individual producer.

A VACATION INSPIRATION.



THE PUCK PRESS

"I *knew* I could do something with that dinky little corner lot if I only held on to it."